

PROF. STOWE'S LECTURE.

On Thursday evening of last week, Prof. Stowe, Cincinnati, gave a lecture in Tremont Temple, before the Boston Lyceum. His subject was, "The first settlers of Massachusetts." He pointed out both their faults and excellencies, and he satisfactorily showed that their *faults were the faults of age*, and that they were fewer in number, less in degree, than those of their contemporaries. In their literature and religion, they were advanced of their age. To prove his position, he referred to documents of their time, of which gave the reasons why they planted colony in the new world. This showed that they were men of enlightened and liberal views, and also stated some facts respecting the ancestors of his family prior to the reformation, which narrated the religious and domestic habits of those times. One of the Stowes of the fifteenth century, willed and bequeathed his body and soul to the Lord and the Virgin Mary. He likewise took good care to secure the favor of various saints, by giving them *treasures* *each*, and *shillings* to burn candles on altars, at specified times. This will be evidently made under influence of Roman superstition. He quoted lines in a will of another of his ancestors who died after the reformation. In this the Virgin and the saints were entirely neglected. He never gave ten shillings to furnish drink for his wife after his funeral.

The ancestor from whom Prof. S. descended was over in the Aruba, with the company that founded this city, and settled at Roaray. Professor Stowe has been resident in the West the last twelve or fifteen years, yet he still finds those peculiar traits of character which possessed in early life. He is still a *genuine* man, of whom his native state may well be proud. He has done and is still doing good service in the cause of education and religion at the

lecture was well received, and considering the solemnity of the weather the audience was

This promises well for the institution before which the lecture was given; and we hope course of lectures before the Boston Lyceum so auspiciously begun, will be well sustained through the season.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—We copy the following from the *Greenfield (Mass.) Democrat*. It states the cause between Harvard College and the

of the most important issues presented is that which involves a reform in Harvard College. This is not a sectarian question to determine, but it is a question of that decision shall control the entire church, namely, whether an institution which is found in every state, and upon which hundreds of thousands of the people's money have been expended, shall continue to be controlled that same, shall be restricted in a few points in Boston and its vicinity, in whether it be brought under liberal management, so that privileges may be enjoyed equally by all.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—Meetings for the advancement of the missionary cause are to be held Manchester, Co., and Boscawen, N. H., the fourth week of this month. One or more of the secretaries of the American Board, and several of the returned missionaries are to present, for a free interchange of views and feelings on this great subject to the friends of the cause in N. H. We can only conceive of any measure better adapted to awaken and confirm the hallowed sentiments of a christian heart, in reference to the pressing duty of the church toward the millions who are abiding for lack of knowledge. Two days will be occupied with the exercises at each place.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Free Church of Scotland, have been holding a series of meetings at Inverness, in the Highlands, wherefrom the London Patriot, in which services were conducted in both English and Gaelic. Several of the speeches made on the occasion are reported, and among others, Mr. King is represented as saying,

I believe that the disruption has been one of the most valuable events, in reference to the advancement of the cause, which the world ever saw; and that, had we gained even more than we did—had we gained—than the cause itself, we should have been the better for it, but, I hope the day will come, when any of the ministers and members of the Free Church of Scotland will for an instant hesitate or look back to Egypt again.

CHOLERA.—This terrible disease has carried off vast numbers in Bengal, the past season in a more rapid and alarming manner than usual. The celebrated bathing place at Tribenore, where 70,000 devotees usually congregate, has seen this year almost entirely deserted. The roads to the place present the most lamentable and disgusting scenes—the dying and the dead spread out in every direction, surrounded by dogs and vultures.

THE CONNECTICUT TEMPERANCE LAW.—The new temperance law in Connecticut provides, that each town shall elect three commissioners, who shall be vested the sole power to give or withhold licenses to sell ardent spirits. The several towns have accordingly proceeded to elect their commissioners, and so far as heard from, thirty-eight towns have chosen anti-license men, and for license, and in seven towns there is no voice. We suppose that where there is no voice there can be no license. If Connecticut will now vigorously prosecute those who sell with a license, she will be giving a noble testimony against the horrible rum-traffic, and will be fairly free from its desolating influence.

TEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.—An adjourned meeting of the New York State Temperance convention will be held at Rochester, on the ninth Wednesday of the present month. The object is, to put in motion a system of operations which shall secure a full vote in all the towns and cities of the state, against the renewal of licenses to sell intoxicating drinks.

TAHITI.—The London Times will be abandoned, because it cannot be preserved by other means than those resorted to in Algeria—desecration and depopulation.

DEATH OF MRS. DWIGHT.—Mrs. Mary Dwight, widow of President Dwight, died at New Haven Sunday morning last, at the advanced age of eighty-one. Since the death of her husband, which is now twenty-eight years, she has resided in New Haven, universally beloved and respected.

GREEN STREET CHURCH.—Rev. Mr. Towne's Society will occupy this house next Sabbath, on Saturday and a few following Sabbaths, the seats to be free.

PROF. STOWE'S SPEECH.—On our first page, is a short article, but our readers will demand of us apology, we think, for presenting the whole of it. The great interest which is felt in that subject, just now, will secure it a careful reading.

THE OLD DONOR.—contrary to our intentions, we wait another week. We are sorry to put off this article so well and kindly written, but the author would appreciate com-

Who did sin?—A drunkard cut his throat recently in Norwalk, Ct., and on the following Sabbath the minister, (Mr. Hoyt) preached from the text—“Who did sin?”—the inquiry being whether the drunkard or the minister was guilty of the murder.

THE TRUE AMERICAN.—This high toned and independent sheet has again made its appearance, dated Lexington, Ky., Sept. 30. Whether it is actually printed in Kentucky does not appear. This is the 12th No., and contains C. M. Clay's “Appeal,” covering nearly two pages. It is written, as might be, a becoming spirit, both of candor and fortitude. Mr. C. says, “We are afoot and free, and gathering strength, and though feeble yet, by and by we will blow a blast which we hope, won't grow angry when they hear, and which freemen will drink in as kindred with their own natures.”

THE LATE NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The High and Low church parties stood as follows:—High church, 90 clergy; 76 laity; Low church, 35 clergy, 56 laity; High church majority, 25 clergy, 20 laity.

UNITARIAN CONVENTION.—The Unitarians are to have a semi-annual convention in New York city, on Tuesday, 21st inst.

THE NEW ENGLAND NON-RESISTANCE SOCIETY.—will hold its annual meeting in Boston, on the 10th inst.

PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY.—We have not found room yet, to publish the protest against slavery, signed by one hundred and seventeen Unitarian ministers. It is a well written document, and cannot but have a good effect on the public mind.

THE ORTHODOX.—The Rev. Richard S. Storer, Jr., as pastor of the Harvard Church and Society in Boston, will take place on Wednesday the 22d inst., at 2 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Storer.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRACT SOCIETY.—We have not found room yet, to publish the protest against slavery, signed by one hundred and seventeen Unitarian ministers. It is a well written document, and cannot but have a good effect on the public mind.

THE ORTHODOX.—The Rev. George Richards, of the Andover Theological Seminary, Mr. G. W. McMillan, recently from Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, were ordained at Brattleboro, Vt., Oct. 8th, in opposition to the heretics, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Bowles, president of Foreign Missions. Invited and reading of the scriptures by Rev. Robert Crockett of Aledast, N. H.; introductory prayer by Rev. H. N. Graves of Townsend, Vt.; sermon from 2 Tim. 4:11, 12; and the benediction by Rev. Charles W. Eliot of Cambridge, Mass., and the blessing of the Legislature in each of those states being Democratic. The full Senate will therefore comprise 24 Whigs and 30 Democrats. Democratic majority, 6.

THE WHIGS.—Majority over Whigs 60; over all opposition, 60.—*Advt.*

MESSES. HERICK AND Mc MILLAN.—are designated to the Madura mission, in Southern India, and are writing with several others, to embark for their destined field Nov. 10th.—*Conn.*

INSTALLATION.—Rev. Lathrop Taylor, late of Taunton, Mass., was installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Springfield, Vt., on the day of October, instead of the 10th, and reading of the scripture by Rev. Charles Durfee; introductory prayer by Rev. A. C. F. M. Dunning, Vt.; sermon by Dr. Charles Morris, right hand of fellowship; Rev. Dr. Frost, Vt.; concluding prayer by Rev. Alpheus Graves of Hildale, Vt.; benediction by one of the candidates.

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Poetry.

MISSIONS.

Light for the drowsy vale,
Of lone-bound Labrador!
Where the frosty breathes on the slippery sail,
And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast he be, [smiled].
From the hills where the sun of his childhood
And the country of the free;
Pour the love of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what hope has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
Light for that tempest-clad clime,
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease,
Ere it wrecked the boat of time;
If the Moles hath dealt the gift of peace,
May you grant her bountiful round?

Light on the Hindoo shed!

On the muddling idol train;

The flame of the sinner's fire and red,

And the fakir faints with pain;

Hark!—tis the Christian wanderer's sigh,

From Ararat's mountain shades.

Light for the barren vale!

For the islands of the sea!

For the coast where the slave ship flits its sails

With a sign of agony.

And her kidnapped babes the mother wails

Nestle the lone banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race

Exiled from Zion's rest;

Homeless they roam from place to place,

Begotten and oppressed;

They shudder at Sinai's peaceful bœs;

Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth!

Ye blessed, its bosom who shed,

Shrink not, till the daying birth in birth, [breath]

Till wherever the footstep of man doth

Saviour's banner spread broadly forth,

And clear the tomb

From its longing gloom,

For the aged to rest his weary head.

TO JOHN B. GOUGH.

Victim of malice—not of lust—
Holy Truth yet stands to stand—
Thou hast, my friend, as at the first,
With me whole heart, my warm right hand

No less a dreadful champion thou,
Thy spirituous brutes by heel;

The hand and heart fit now—

With sure lance and true steel.

Let not remorse, that comes to all

Who sin, offend thy gentle soul;

Nor for an imagined fill;

Let drops of mighty anguish roll.

Now hast not sin'd; but wicked hands—

Inured with blood they're split;

Which all the seas that wash all lands

Can never cleanse—have wrought the guilt.

And Heaven, who the silent sent,

By stoning willst well send;

And Christ, who o'er the fence bent,

Refining—sees the silver pure.

They led at the host, thou ledst at the van—

Then blazed the eternal eg're!

For sacred Truth, for Woman, Man,

For God—till round these closed the snare.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

October 7, 1845.

SABBATHS.

Sabbath obser- vance when the bells do chime,
'Tis angel's music, therefore come not late;
God and their deacons.
Let vain or busy thoughts have then no part;
Bring not thy plough thy plow, thy pleasures either,
Christ purged his temple, so must thou thy heart.
Herbert.

Miscellaneous.

THE UNLUCKY TREASURE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEA.

Our ship was smoothly gliding along over the gently undulating ocean, towards home, from the shores of Great Britain. Every sail was distended by the steady breeze; the sun was shining brightly, though a sort of haze hung around the horizon. Twelve o'clock had arrived, and the guns were loaded upon the cabin table. The exact position of the ship at noon, was marked by a black dot and a straight line drawn from the point of observation of the noon previous. All of us were delighted at the day's run, and the day for our arrival in port was fixed upon as certain—almost. No one seemed to have any apprehension whatever. His face was all smiles, his eyes bright, with unaccustomed lustre, and the prospect of a speedy return to his family excited him almost to狂狂. By his uneasy movements, I concluded he had something on his mind, which he was anxious to reveal, and I gave him an opportunity of speaking to me privately. He seized upon the chance, and coming up, whispered confidentially, that he had found "such a treasure!"

"I've found," said he, "two whole baskets of champagne in the run; the skipper knows nothing about it. Mr. Weatherage, the second mate, was with me when I found them; he must have one basket, and mean to put the other upon the captain's table today."

"Capital!" cried I. "We'll have such a celebration!"

No spirits or wine were allowed by the owners—and when Capt. W. ^{was} come down to dinner, he was not a little surprised to see the table duly decked out with champagne bottles and glasses. Learning that he had been the author of this, he entered heartily into the spirit of the fun.

THE TEA PLANT.—appears from the September number of the Southern Planter to be a native plant, and is said to be cultivated in Virginia to cultivate the Chinese tea plant. Mr. N. Pickett is to have specimens of his tea in the Henrico agricultural fair in November.

"Such merriment ought not to waste its sweetness on the desert air," said Capt. W. "I move that Mr. Transom be called into

the cabin, so that we can have the pleasure of his company."

All hands acceded the motion, and Mr. Transom was sent for. His appearance in the cabin was hailed with joy, notwithstanding his flushed face, and his unsteady step caused a laugh and some remarks, to which he replied that she (the ship) was to blame when you quarrel. It is a mistake. You are. You would never quarrel, if you were not more or less to blame—this you may rely upon. When a hell upon earth, where people live in constant broils—each laboring to say or something to displease the other, and each striving against each other, and when they meet can a sneaking look, or fling out a provoking word? A savage life must be preferred.

Man, did you ever quarrel! Have you an enemy? Is there one of God's creatures, whom you despise and turn from, as if it were a venomous reptile? Do you labor to make him feel your indignation and scorn? Reflect seriously upon your conduct, and you will find that that is a miserable as you can live—you will never be happy till you divest yourself of this malignant disposition, and become reconciled to your brother. Reflect seriously upon your duty and interest, and twenty-four hours will not pass away before you become reconciled. Did you ever read what the poet says? Every word is true. Attend to it:

'The fine and noble way to kill a foe,
Is to let him go, and let him go, may
that he shall cease to be; and then's his
task.'—Sigmund used to say to his master, 'I have multiplied their hate, he killed them then.'

Contrivance now had full sway. The passing hours and the increased motion of the ship, were alike unnoticed. Wine had control behind decks, and the wind above. A heavy lurch, and a loud crash, accompanied by low, discordant sounds, awoke Capt. W. to an indistinct recollection of his being on board ship. Sighing from the hatchway, he started to make his way up the foredeck, and part of them lay asleep from the effect of the remains of the mate's festivity. Capt. W.'s bewildered brain could make out nothing of the situation of the vessel.

"Where's Mr. Weatherage? How does she lieud? What the deuce is to pay?" "you've got to pay to the man below the hatch, by the captain."

"No light in the binnacle, sir!" was the gruff reply of the seaman, who stood firmly to his post, though death gaped on all sides and drunkenness stood ready to lead a helping hand.

The awfulness of his situation flashed upon the mind of Capt. W., for a few moments he had not realized the gravity of his danger—a deep sense of impending danger was wrestling with the demon drunkenness—a powerful effort of the mind threw off the yoke of King Alcohol, and the seaman was himself again! A leaping attempt of some one in the lee-scuppers, gave him notice of the presence of another being on deck. He sprang up, and dashed through the hatchway, and down the main-topmast, to his feet, was the work of an instant, and recognizing Mr. Weatherage, he dashed him forward, heaving upon his head fearful imprecations. The shock, together with the angry tone of his commander's voice, recalled him to reason.

"Call all hands! clear the wreck!" was the thundering command of Capt. W.; hurrying to the forecastle, and shouting over the forces so lately valiant in the army of King Alcohol, he dragged the now immobile form of the mate to the deck, inflicting upon him a volley of kicks and thumps which brought him partially to his senses.

Taking the wheel himself, Capt. W. saw with terror the confused and stupid attitude of the crew, and the mate, who was now the only one who had lost his balance, increasing high masses of water were pouring from stem to stern, as the ship made slow progress, encumbered as she was by the wrecks of spars and bolts. The jib-boom had been carried away, taking with it the fore-topmast and main-topmast, and plunged it in some ten inches deep. This deep ploughing it invariably practised and cultivated thoroughly afterwards. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to the surface, and secured the mate to the forecastle, and saw the topmast was still afloat, and added to the confusion and disorder.

The mate had a brother about six miles off, settled on a rich, yellow river bottom, clay soil, covered with black jack oak, not a soul of which was large enough to make a half acre. The man could not swim, and drove not far, but large, powerful Conquistador horses, some seventeen bushels high. He always put three horses to a large plough, and ploughed in some ten inches deep. This deep ploughing it invariably practised and cultivated thoroughly afterwards. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to the surface, and secured the mate to the forecastle, and saw the topmast was still afloat, and added to the confusion and disorder.

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